

WIT AND HUMOR.

No, "Constant Reader," the lines reading, "How big was Alexander, pa?" have no reference to the Bulgarian

Some of the English newspapers declare that King Theebaw is a "sanguinary madman." This looks like a premature attempt to get the old beast off in the insanity dodge.

"I was Washington's birthday observed in Texas?" asked a New-Yorker who was visiting San Antonio. "Observed?" exclaimed the astonished native; "why 'tis venerated. It takes four car-loads of beer to fill the demand on that sacred day."—*Texas Siftings*.

Pompano—"Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night." Bagley—"I know I do. I

Mamma (severely)—“You are a bad, naughty little boy, Bobby. I don’t know what I shall have to do with you!” Papa (who prides himself on his ability

g naughty and wicked we w

Minister (just before church service).—How is our worthy brother, Deacon Smith, getting on, doctor? Physician.—He is in a very critical condition. I have been here three times yesterday and once this morning." Minister (with concern).—"Indeed! I will ask the prayers of the congregation in his behalf."—*Philadelphia North American.*

During the alarm of fire last night some confusion was caused in one of the churches by a number of the congregation hurriedly leaving, which was soon corrected, however, by the preacher saying, "Yon Alexandrians will get to a fire soon enough." After this remark no one left the church till the services terminated.—*Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.*

enger—"Why?" Conductor—"Because they won't take them from us at the office." Passenger (with feigned surprise)—"Good gracious, you don't mean say that if you take that from me in payment of my fare they'll ever see it at the office, do you?"

Young Featherly—"Of Shakspeare's plays I think I prefer Richelieu." Conductor—"But Shakspeare did not write 'Richelieu,' Mr. Featherly."

Young Featherly (with an amused smile)—"Ah! I see, Miss Clara. You are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled."—*New York Times.*

Husband—"The census-taker was in-
ear. He demanded the age of each of
my family, and I was obliged to give
the answers. He said it was the law,
and he threatened—*Law!—* transgressors
or law? John Smith, did you tell that
man my age?" Husband (hurriedly)—
"Yes! I told him you were 23." Wife
(unmollified)—"Well, I suppose the law
has got to be respected."—*New York*
sun.

Scene—Vestibule of a Temple of Alco-
hol, Hanover street. Barkeeper—"No—
election-day. You can't be any liquor."
"Thirsty citizen"—"Then I'll go for bi-
ennial elections." Barkeeper—"And there
is the special election coming, and after

"This," said Farmer Hayseed to his city guest, as he pointed to a large field, is where we keep our bull." "And are you going in there?" asked the guest. Yes, but you need not be afraid. He is as gentle as a lamb except when he gets bright red. If you will take this chalk and chalk your nose we can pass through in safety." And the farmer huddled softly to himself that night as he heard his guest packing his grip.—*Harper's*

turn, and the sexton met him in the vestibule of the sanctuary. "You appear to be a stranger, sir; shall I show you a seat?" Would you like to go down tonight?" "Down front, is it?" I should rather say I did! I am the regularly ordained pastor of this church, and can and the pulpit myself." "He's got a better memory than I have," was all the sexton said as he turned away. —*Lowell*

The editor of the *Cœur d'Alene Record* at Murray, Idaho, is in trouble. His paper appears without a title, and he explains: "We've got a heading. Do you want to see it? So do we. It's at Thompson. Subscribe quick, so we can

the charges and get it here." It is to be hoped that subscribers will come and that the troubled editor of the *Record* can get a head. He is not the only man in Idaho who finds it hard work to get ahead.

A man calling at the office of a New York daily paper two days ago, and applied for a position on the artistic staff. He said he was a lumberman from Wisconsin, had had fifteen years' experience in chopping wood, and he thought he could hack out a few illustrations for the paper which would be a marked improvement over those it had recently published. As strange as it

"Brown—Then you have given up the idea of becoming a writer?" Robinson—Yes. "B—A thought you had. You were married; that you were going to avoid politics—to write no more than short, sharp, sententious sentences; in short, that you were going to be a regular condenser?" R—Yes, that was my plan, and I attempted to carry it out. B—Well?" R—Well, I set out to write, but I'm blessed if I could think of anything to condense. "Mr. Dusenberry, I'm shocked to see that you will persist in fishing. It is horrible to hurt the little things in that

"I declare I did not let you bring any of them into the house."—"Well, my dear, I guess you are about right. It is excessively cruel. Of course the remark does not apply to that pretty little South American bird in your hat. Possibly it was chloroformed. While it may be wrong to supply the demands of appetite, it is perfectly right to repond to the follies of fashion. If—" "Mr. Dunclerry, you're a brute—that's what you are!"—*Philadelphian*, '96.